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Young men who are considering a banking vocation are invited to call and interview the Manager of any of the branches of **The NATIONAL BANK of New Zealand Ltd.**, or to apply to the Staff Officer, G.P.O. Box 1508, Wellington.

RADIO VIEWSREEL (Cont'd.)

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any I shall refrain altogether, and merely say that the programme, an altogether unusual and stimulating one, was very well managed by the arranger and her two co-readers, Dick White and W. G. Clayton.

Only the Katipo

LISTENING to Mrs. A. W. Gordon's account of life in Southern Rhodesia from 2YA I was reminded of an advantage of life in New Zealand that is so often stressed. We have no native wild animals and no poisonous reptiles, or insects—save one spider. Though I have messed about on beaches where the katipo is found, I have never seen that little menace, and I should say I shared this lack of experience with more than 99 per cent. of my countrymen. Mrs. Gordon had a little fun at the expense of travellers who looked to see lions and other big game disporting themselves about Rhodesian railways, but she admitted there were such things in her country, including a leopard, of which the natives were more afraid than of snakes. There are also crocodiles. Snakes, she said, didn't worry you in the towns, but in the country you had to keep serum ready for immediate use, and renew it periodically, because it lost its efficacy. Children had to be taught not to poke their fingers into holes, and to tell the difference between a dead stick and something not dead but deadly. New Zealand housewives who have listened to Mrs. Gordon will envy their Rhodesian sisters at least one of their conditions of living—their supply of domestic labour—but I found myself glad that I lived in New Zealand. Reflection, however, reminded me that there are snakes and crocodiles (or is it alligators?—I never know which is which) in Australia, but Australians show no inclination to emigrate en masse. After all, the whole world could not come to "God's Own Country," even if it wanted to.



Comedy Theatre (good listening, this, with delightfully unnaive commentary between numbers) and an episode of *Barnaby Rudge*, unidentified till record's end. All of which made me very grateful to be back to my own fireside and my own radio, and the miraculously-preserved current-programme *Listener*.

Life is Earnest

THREE "first" broadcasts came on the same evening from 4ZB. I didn't hear *Journey Into Melody*, but noted that someone else had stolen the idea of its title in another programme later in the evening, *Journey Into Music*—who was responsible for the plagiarism? *The Stars Out of Reach* proved to be an unconvincing romance of office-girl meets film-star, and I confess I left it to arrive at its own conclusion after patiently hearing three-quarters of it. *Real Life Stories*, on the other hand, was quite dramatic. Here we had a most unhappy quarter of an hour crammed with incident. Between 7.45 and 8 o'clock, a lovely model managed to fall for an artist, accept his declaration of love at its face value, met his wife, found out that the latter was hopelessly mad, escaped from the mad-woman's clutches and then watched her leap from a high window and crash to the ground below. No, she didn't die, unfortunately. This was a *Real Life* story, remember. She got well again and went on being hopelessly mad. The end was very tragic—the lovers just went on hoping. Hand me my handkerchiefs, somebody, please!

Action and Reaction

WHETHER one is a believer in miracles or not, the NZBS production unit must be given full credit for a splendid effort in *No Miracle for Klomp*, a play in which the principal actor is a medieval chalice used for nefarious purposes in the celebration of the Black Mass. This object, during the course of the play, becomes more important and more real to the listener than any of the characters; the listener makes a vivid image of its blackened appearance, and finds no difficulty in visualising its horrifying end as it vanishes in radiant fire, leaving its burnt shadow behind. Whether, like the priest in the play, the listener finds himself willing to believe in a miracle; or whether, like the newspaper editors, he can glibly accept some elaborate theory of atomic disintegration, there remains the disturbing query of the innocent fool, as to whether a "natural phenomenon" is just another name for God. In this play the action alone is not the main purpose of the play (indeed, who cares whether or not the cup was imbued with mysterious properties beyond human knowledge?) but suffices to reveal the reaction of various minds when confronted with the unexplainable. The cast succeeded admirably in expressing the varied emotions aroused in the beholders of the chalice, fear, anger, greed, pride. When the NZBS copes so well with a short play containing such good material, it will not be long, I hope, before they are encouraged to give us a new venture not yet done, to my knowledge, by New Zealanders on our radio; I mean the full three-act drama, neither serialised nor cut, but presented as an entire evening's programme, as an ordinary play would be at the theatre.

East, West

ONE of the nicest things about returning home from my Week Abroad was to find myself once more vis-a-vis with my own radio. A poor thing, most would say, looking at the coffin-shaped exterior, the paltry couple of knobs, perhaps casting an unkindly eye over the five battered valves inside. But to me it has been a faithful friend. Its knob responds to my slightest twiddle, swinging from 2YA to 2ZB and back again with practised ease, in contrast to the classier one at my host's, which moved reluctantly, six cranks to a kilocycle, and then turned out to have been on megacycles after all. Then there was the one in the hotel lounge, which, wedded since manufacture to its local Commercial station, set its dial firmly against divorce. What with one thing and another (the scowls of fellow loungers, for example), it was surprising that I managed to listen to anything, and not surprising that the score was a mixed bag. The ubiquitous Tommy Handley, the Desert Song in *Musical*



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